Honesty in Distre[ss]

BUT -

Reliev'd by no Party.

A

TRAGEDY

As it is basely Acted

By Her M[AJ]ESTY's Subj[ects]

UPON

GOD's STAGE the WORL[D]

LONDON:

Printed and are to be Sold by *B. Bragge* at the *Blue-Ball* in *Ivy-Lane*, 1705.

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THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Miser going to receive Money.

(Suppos'd at the Play-House.)

I'M in great haste, good Friends, yet cannot chuse,
But stay one Moment, just to tell you News.
Dame Honesty *to Day, but wond'rous poor,*
Wrap'd up in Rags, came Mumping to my Door,
What tatter'd Maukin *have we here, said I?*
Poor Honesty, *says she, both Cold and Dry:*
Then, Honesty, *said I, pray go thy ways,*
I ne'er got Three-pence by thee in my Days:
I might have starv'd, I'm sure, long since for thee,
And now thou want'st thou e'en may'st starve for me.
The squeamish Gypsie presently took snuff,
And turn'd her back upon me in a Huff.
Whether she's rambl'd Heaven knows for me,
She's not amongst you there, as I can see;
Neither in Boxes, Galleries, or Pit,
In the huge Crowd of Fools that gaping sit:
Or can I find her out amongst you Men of Wit.
If in the Audience she has stoln a place,
And durst in Play-House show her honest Face,
Amongst the Ladies sure she would appear;
But faith, and troth, I cannot spy her there:
Yet tho' she's hard to find I dare engage,
You'll see her by and by upon the Stage,
But cloath'd in woollen Rags, no Linen under,
A Begging too, but that will prove no wonder:

For in this Iron-Age we daily ſee
That Knav'ry *gets the ſtart of* Honeſty;
And like our wiſer Leaders, I proteſt,
I always ſide with thoſe that thriwe the beſt.
Could I but ſtay I would provoke your Laughter,
And tell you more of what you'll find hereafter;
But the time's come, and I muſt move from hence,
To fill this Bag with the commanding Pence;
For he that in our Chriſtian City thrives,
Muſt run, when Int'reſt that dear Devil drives.

The EPILOGUE.

POor Honeſty *ſhe's gone, we've ſeen her laſt,*
Her Wants are ended, and her Mis'ries paſt:
Many, I hear, at her ſad Exit *griev'd,*
Who never could endure her whilſt ſhe liv'd,
For Knaves, like Shears, whoſe Edges are ſo keen,
Muſt cut themſelves (as we have often ſeen)
For want of Honeſty *to put between:*
For now ſhe's gone, ſay they, we've cauſe to fear,
All Men will prove as errant Knaves as we ar'
And then warm Jars and ſtruggles muſt ariſe,
About which Knave muſt be the other's Prize.
Like Privateers they care not to oppoſe
Each other, 'cauſe there's nothing got but Blows.
Sharks hate to bite at Sharks; the Wolf, we find,
Cares not, tho' Hungry, to aſſault his kind,
But now poor Honeſty *is ſnatch'd away,*
'Tis well if Man don't prove worſe Brutes than they.

Honeſty

Honesty Distress'd,

BUT

Reliev'd by no Party, &c.

ACT I. *Scene a Palace.*

Enter Honesty *alone.*

FRom Anch'rites lonely Caves, from Hermites Cells,
And Rural Huts, where sweet Contentment dwells;
From Consecrated Groves and Heav'nly Meads,
Where no vile Wretch, or lustful Harlot treads:
But where kind Turtles murmur out their Love,
And Saints contemplate on the Joys above:
Where Good Men oft retire, to shun the Rage
And noisy Tumults of a Barb'rous Age,
That undisturb'd they calmly may sit down,
Freed from the dire Confusions of the Town.
From these blest Shades, where Vertue, Peace and Love
Embrace each other, and united move,

In this plain homeſpun Dreſs to Court I'm come,
Thus wander'd in my Clouted Shoes from home.
How ſtately does this ancient Palace look!
How ſweet thoſe Walks, how pleaſant yonder Brook!
How large and lofty are the Rooms deſign'd!
How richly are the Walls with Tap'ſtry lin'd!
How eaſy do the Beds and Couches ſeem!
How all things merit Rev'rence and Eſteem!
How coſtly Art does thro' the whole appear!
Sure *Honeſty* muſt needs be welcome here.

What mighty Man is ſtepping from his Coach,
This way he makes his fortunate approach;
In melting Words I'll let him know my Caſe,
And beg him to relieve my ſad Diſtreſs.

Good noble Sir, behold a wretched Maid,
Who proſtrate on my Knees implores your Aid;
Friendleſs and poor, a ſtranger and forlorn;
Empty my Pocket, and my Garment torn;
When cold and hungry I for Pity call,
I'm but deſpis'd, and frown'd upon by all;
Check'd by Great Men, by ev'ry Knave abus'd,
By Tradeſmen ſlighted by the Mob miſus'd.

Fawn'd

Fawn'd on in Publick by each flatt'ring Prieſt,
But ſnub'd in private as an odious Gueſt:
Highly commended to the liſt'ning Crowd,
But ſlowly follow'd, tho' extol'd ſo loud;
Prais'd by their Tongues, but by their Deeds diſgrac'd;
Approv'd, but ſeldom heartily embrac'd.

My own ungrateful Sex expreſs their hate,
And ſeem well-pleas'd with my dejected State:
In their looſe Thoughts my Vertues they diſdain,
And Copy all my Modeſt Looks with pain:
Yet to ſeem like me is their chiefeſt Pride,
Tho' with my Name they oft their Vices hide:
But now beneath theſe Mis'ries I am fell,
Few Women love me with a Cordial zeal,
But like baſe Man on my Misfortunes frown,
And let me rove neglected up and down:
Therefore I'm wandred from afar to Court,
To beg Relief among the nobler ſort:
For where ſhou'd injur'd *Honeſty* retreat
For ſhelter, but amongſt the Rich and Great:
If they their Pity to a Wretch deny,
Where muſt wrong'd Innocence for ſuccour fly.

Courtier. You mumping lazy Slut, how came you here?
How dare you in ſuch Rags addreſs a Peer?
Your Name, without enquiry, I can gueſs,
From your thin Jaws and deſpicable dreſs:
You're a bold forward Baggage on my word,
To crave Reception here where you're abhor'd.
Alas, thou'rt grown e'en ſcandalous of late,
And thy ſtale Charms obnoxious to the State.
The hidebound Rules and Principles you boaſt,
Are quite exploded and entirely loſt;
To Kings and Nobles they have done much hurt,
And always prov'd deſtructive to the Court;
Monarchs on thy Account have been undone,
When e'er careſs'd thou'rt fatal to the Throne.
Some Princes have reſign'd the Golden Prize,
Rather than let thee fall a Sacrifice,
But always have been blam'd for keeping true
To ſuch a weak and helpleſs Wretch as you.
For Scepters are no longer ſafe we ſee
Than Int'reſt is prefer'd to *Honeſty*.
Wer't thou allow'd in Courts to pry about,
No Office ſhortly would be worth a Groat.

Our

Our num'rous Slaves would be reduc'd to few,
And our Six Horſes dwindle into Two;
Therefore conceal thy Wants and diſappear,
For ſhould ſome craving Courtiers ſee you here,
They'd charge you with a Plot, and ſwear you came
To ſet the Court and Kingdom in a Flame.
Depart with ſpeed, before you give Offence,
Leſt *Policy* and *Int'reſt* drive thee hence,
Make the rude Soldiers hoot you from the Court,
And turn your poor Condition to their Sport:
Vertue and Rags Great Souls alike abhor,
Honour and Wealth are Idols we adore;
Begone, I ſay, the airy wanton She,
Is far more welcome here than *Honeſty*.
For Refuge fly within the City Walls,
There mend their Meaſures and reform their Scales;
Reprove their Counters for immod'rate Fees,
And give their Traders better Conſciences;
Teach Loyalty till truly 'tis embrac'd,
Reclaim their Wives and keep their Daughters chaſte.
Ne'er mind the Court, for our aſpiring Souls,
Muſt wander far beyond thy narrow Rules. [*Ex. Courtier.*

Honeſty.

Hon. alone. What ſad returns to my Complaint I hear,
That drown my greateſt hopes in wild deſpair;
The higher Rank, tho' nobly Bred we ſee,
Regard not poor diſtreſſed *Honeſty.*
Wrapt up in Int'reſt they my Worth deſpiſe,
And o'er my head to Wealth and *Honour* riſe;
Condemn my Vertues, brand me as a Cheat,
And let me mourn and periſh at their Feet.

But ſee! ſome gallant Lady moves this way,
Tho' 'tis in vain I'll t'other Moment ſtay;
How glorious ſhe appears, ſhe muſt, I ſee,
Great Quality by her Attendance be.
Good *Heaven* with melting Words inſpire my Tongue,
That I may move her as ſhe treads along,
To ſhew ſome Pity and redreſs my Wrong.

Enter Lady and Attendance. Honeſty *begins her Suit.*

Brighteſt of Beauties I have yet beheld,
To a poor Virgin ſome Compaſſion yield;
Pity a Wretch that's void of all Offence,
Who knows no Crime but lives in Innocence.
Tho' thus reduc'd, from all Corruptions freed,
And a pure Maid in very Thought and Deed;

Banded

Banded from Houſe to Houſe, from Town to Town,
Pity'd by few, but entertain'd by none.
Pelted by th' Rabble as I paſs the Street,
And mock'd by ev'ry Scoundrel that I meet.
My Nature and my Name do well agree,
The Character I bear is *Honeſty*.
My Life is Vertuous and my Actions Juſt,
I hope for Heav'n and in the Gods I truſt;
Yet by the angry Fates thus low I'm hurl'd,
And know not one true Friend in all the World;
Therefore, ſweet Lady, I your Friendſhip crave,
Such Beauty ſure a tender Heart muſt have.

The Lady, turning to her Servants.

How came this Wench within the Palace Gate?
How boldly does the tatter'd Gypſie prate!
With what ſtrange Confidence the Maukin brags
Of her ſtarch'd Vertue in her ſtinking Rags.

Ladies Woman.

A ſaucy Slut I'll warr'nt her, to profeſs
Such ſtiff-neck'd *Honeſty* in that poor dreſs.
Honour has Vertue always by the hand,
The latter can't without the former ſtand.

The Rich and Noble are the Chaſte and Good,
The Needy can't be honeſt if they wou'd;
When Money tempts, they conquer all reſtraints,
And ſacrifice their Vertue to their Wants.
Madam, ne'er mind her Talk, poor ſilly Soul,
The ragged Saint is but ſome Soldier's Trull,
By Laſineſs and Vice reduc'd to Want,
And comes to mount the Guard wieh her Gallant.
Foh, naſty thing, diſſembling, lying Jade;
Bold Huſſy, ſhe in Thought and Deed a Maid!
Madam, you ſtand too near the frouſy Minx;
If this be *Honeſty* I'll ſwear ſhe ſtinks. [*Ex. Lady and Atten.*

The Footman to Honeſty *at going off.*

Poor Wretch, be gone, they'll make thee but their ſport,
Honeſty's always ridicul'd at Court.
No Beggars here ſucceed in what they crave,
But the deſigning Jilt and flatt'ring Knave.

Honeſty alone.

Unhappy Wretch, O miſerable me,
That my own Sex ſhould ſo cenſorious be!
Hard-hearted Woman, how could ſhe expreſs
Such cruel Thoughts that add to my Diſtreſs?

Were her own Ills to publick Eyes made clear,
How monstrous would the vicious Wretch appear,
For none but those to wicked Courses bent,
Would wrongfully accuse the Innocent.
How soon the Courtly Dame could give Her Right
To her proud Confident and Flatterer,
Those who on Sycophants for Truth rely,
Must be in most things basely led awry;
For where the Fav'rite's sure to be believ'd,
The Great by false Reports are oft deceiv'd,
By Flatteries and Tales are made to see,
Not what things are, but what they'd have them be.

A Soldier's Trull! alas, I am amaz'd,
To find by my own Sex I'm thus abus'd:
Man's sordid slights touch me not half so hard,
'Cause *Honesty*'s esteem'd a Woman's Guard,
The only Friend the Charming Fair can trust,
And the best Guide to keep their Actions just:
But since to be despis'd and made their sport,
Is all the welcome I can find at Court,
Along those shady Walks I'll make my way,
That do to yonders lofty Pile convey,

Where Scarlet Juſtice does the Bench aſcend,
To hear the ſmooth-tongu'd Advocates contend,
And bring each weighty difference to its doubtful end.
What tho' at Court I've met with ſmall regard,
Where fawning Slaves and Flatt'rers ſeek Reward,
Yet how can *Honeſty* ill uſage fear,
Where Equity and Law in Pomp appear. [*Ext. Honeſty.*

ACT II.

SCENE Weſtminſter-*Hall*, *with the Court ſitting.*

Enter Honeſty *among the Lawyers.*

Hon. HArk how the wrangling *Tongues* of *Counſel* bawl,
In every crowded corner of the Hall;
What pains they take t'unfold each knotty Caſe,
And give each Client's Cauſe an honeſt Face,
Whilſt the contending Foes, 'twixt hope and fear,
Creep up behind, the learn'd Debates to hear;
Flatter'd one Moment that the Day's their own,
Tremble the next, leſt Caſt and quite undone;
So doubtful Gameſters, 'twixt the Chance and Main,
Now fear they loſe, next Minute hope to gain,

What ſhall I ſay to ſooth this learned Throng,
Aſſembled to diſtinguiſh Right from Wrong.
I know not how to application make,
Tho' I for ſuccour pine, I fear to ſpeak.

Yonder a knot of grizly Sages ſtand,
Conſulting of ſome weighty Cauſe in hand,
I'll Courage take, and with a Pauper's Face,
Open to th' Grave Cabal my wretched Caſe.

Dear worthy Sirs, whoſe ſable Garments ſhew,
You Juſtice in her glorious Tracts purſue,
And (learn'd i'th' Nations crabbed Laws) delight
To eaſe th' Oppreſs'd, and do the Injur'd right,
Behold a wandring Maid, tho' lov'd of Heaven,
In this baſe World from Poſt to Pillar driven;
Hungry and Cold for want of Food and Fire,
And thus diſguis'd in ſcandalous Attire,
At Court in vain I humbly ſought relief,
But there they only added to my Grief,
Deſpis'd my Rags, were deaf to my Complaints,
And made my Sins the Authors of my Wants;
Tho' Heaven, that knows the ſecrets of my Breaſt,
Can witneſs, tho' I'm poor, I'm truly Chaſt.

This severe usage made me quit the Court,
And hither fly where Justice does resort,
In hopes poor Vertue thus oppress'd might find
Your worthy Robe more merciful and kind.
One Lawy. } The dirty Pug may serve Loves Fire to quench,
to another. } Faith Brother 'tis a wondrous pretty Wench:
She'll soon leave begging when she knows the Town,
Such Looks will make a tatter'd Smock go down.
2 *Lawy.* Fie, Brother, fie, you talk upon my Life,
As wild as if you'd quite forgot your Coif;
We're old, and shou'd despise that youthful Thought;
And tho' we can't the World will think we ought.
3*d Lawy.* For shame don't raise such Blushes in the Maid,
She thinks 'tis time that our Colts Teeth were shed.
Tho' sixty odd I such a Lass could please, [*Aside.*
And make her know, that an old Rat loves Cheese.
Tell us, my pretty Maid, from whence you came, [*To Hon.*
The cause of thy Distress, and what's thy Name?
Hon. On distant Plains till now I've liv'd conceal'd,
Which with due labour Food and Raiment yield;
Born of a Race Divine, tho poor and bare;
Justice and Mercy my Relations are,

No Prince on Earth a nobler Kin can boast,
Tho' now by wicked Means I'm almost lost.
Vertue and Truth my loving Sisters be,
And tho' thus wretched I am *Honesty*,
Come hither in this despicable dress,
In hopes with pity you would hear my Case.

1 *Lawy.* *Honesty*, Brethren, there's a sawcy Jade!
What bus'ness has she here? why sure she's Mad!
Did ever such a brazen Minx appear
Before i'th' publick Hall at *Westminster*.

2 *Lawy.* Begone, bold Hussey, or I'll move my L--d
To give your Impudence its just reward.
How dare you show that despicable Face,
Where Gown-Men rendezvous, and Law takes place.

3 *Lawy.* Hang her a Jilt, when she was valu'd here,
And carefully preserv'd by Pr---- and Pe--,
We painful Lawyers labour'd but in vain,
And were the Peoples Slaves for little Gain,
Took moderate Fees, nor daring to encroach,
Aud hither gladly trudg'd without a Coach;
But since the Jade was banish'd by the Gown,
And wanders like an Outlaw up and down,

You

You ſee our Tongues are valued at high rates,
And our dark Deeds yield viſible Eſtates.
Turning to Hon. Begone bold Vagrant with thy frightful Looks,
Thou'rt but a Maukin here that ſcares the Rooks;
Preſume no more within theſe Walls to come,
But let ſome Pariſh Alms-houſe be thy home;
For *Honeſty*, whilſt indigent and bare,
Muſt ne'er expect to find Compaſſion here.
[Honeſty *ſneaks off and ſpeaks aſide.*

Hon. Would I again from humane ſight was hid,
In ſome dark Gloom where ſoft Meanders glide,
That gen'rous Nature, ſo profuſely Good,
Might from its wild exuberance yield me Food,
Amongſt the Reeds and Flags I'd Raiment find,
And with my Fingers weave them to my Mind;
For who enrich'd with Jewels of Content,
Needs dainty'r Food or coſtly'r Ornament.
The feather'd Choir, with their harmonious Lays,
Should ſweeten Life and bleſs my happy Days;
And the kind Murmurs of the neighbouring Streams,
At Night ſhould lull me into pleaſing Dreams:
Nature's wild Offspring ſhould around me graze,
And hurtleſs on a harmleſs Creature gaze;

But

But where no humane Monſter ſhould be found,
To vex my Life and curſe the happy Ground:
For Oh! how baſe and faithleſs muſt they be,
Who look with ſuch Contempt on *Honeſty*.
But ſince by Fate at preſent I'm decreed,
Amongſt the cruel Race to ſeek my Bread,
I'll move the meaner Claſſis e're I go,
Whoſe Hearts, perhaps, may more Compaſſion ſhow.
Here comes a Tribe of buſie Agents on,
Who buſtle in a ſphere beneath the Gown:
I'll try if I with them can intercede,
For thoſe that ſpare to ſpeak muſt miſs to ſpeed.
Dear Sirs, with Eyes of pity pray behold
A Wretch near periſh'd with the Winter's cold;
Who wanders up and down but cannot find
The frozen World to Charity inclin'd.
Once was I nurs'd with tenderneſs and care,
And as a Darling valu'd ev'ry where:
Hug'd by the Tradeſman, Scholar, and the Saint;
Priz'd as the happy Author of Content,
But now alas! expos'd to Miſery and Want.
Poor *Honeſty*'s the Moral Name I bear,
And all my Actions conſentaneous are.

Let

Let your Compassion therefore ease her Grief,
Who sues in *Forma Paup'ris* for Relief.

1 *Attorney.* Zooks, Brother Snap, a Wonder I protest,
Pray look behind thee, here's a welcome Guest,
A scurvy Omen, Heavens mend us all,
To've *Honesty* amongst us in the Hall.
Who could have ever thought that she should dare
To show her starving Face at *Westminster.*

2 *Attorn.* I'll warrant the Baggage comes to pry about,
And, like a Pickthank, find our Failings out:
Let us but hide our Bills and we are safe,
She may beg on and whine, we'll win and laugh.

3 *Att.* Thou'rt a young troublesome bold Slut, withdraw,
Such Vagrants should be punish'd by the Law.
Go keep the City Knaves from Coz'nage free,
We've nothing here to do with *Honesty.*
Should yon Great Men but see your startling Face,
They'd teach you to defile this sacred place.

Honesty is Whisper'd in the Ear by a ruin'd Client.

Sweetheart, let me advise thee to retire,
For *Honesty's* a perfect Scarecrow here;
Whilst Law such *crowds* of griping *Wolves* supports,
And such litigious swarms surround her Courts,

Thou

Thou canſt from them no more for pity hope,
Than Hereticks for Mercy from the Pope:
I heard with much concern thy ſad Complaint,
And gladly would relieve thee but I can't:
The rav'nous Law has ſwallow'd up my Store,
And in purſuit of Juſtice left me poor.

Hon. aſi.] Hard-hearted Scribes, how ſordid and unkind!
Did ever Wretch ſuch cruel uſage find!
How can the Great, the Grave, the Learn'd, the Wiſe,
That do to rich and lofty Stations riſe,
Look down with ſcorn, and ſuch ill-nature ſhow
To *Honeſty* that ſtarving creeps below?
O would but Heaven to Wealthy Men reveal
The Wants which ſome poor harmleſs Wretches feel,
The rigid Miſer would unbolt his Door,
And bid a hearty welcome to the Poor.

Tho' I have all theſe Diſappointments met,
And on the loweſt ſtep of Scorn am ſet,
I'll chear my Heart, and thro the City range,
Honeſty yet may be eſteem'd on *Change*:
For ſince ſtarv'd *Charity* is grown ſo cold
Amongſt Great Men, we Beggars muſt be bold. [*Ex. Hon.*

ACT III. *Scene the City.*

Honesty *Begging along the City.*

DEar tender Citizens some Comfort spare
To a poor Object, worthy of your Care:
Beneath my Mis'ries may you never fall,
But still command the Choice of *Leaden-Hall.*
Pray pity that forlorn and friendless She,
Th' uncharitable World calls *Honesty.*
Behold my feeble Limbs, and meager Face,
My naked Feet, my cold and tatter'd Dress:
Open your Hearts, your Charity extend,
That in this poor Condition I may find,
Within these ancient Walls some Christian Friend.

Linen Drap. *Honesty* with a Pox to her, run, *Tom,*
And fetch a Pail of Water, or the Broom;
If she comes hither, wash the lazy Whore,
Or sweep the dirty Baggage from the Door;
Let her not step within the Shop be sure;
For as I live I know the hide-bound Jade,
If countenanc'd, would spoil the Linen Trade:

Nun-

Nun-like she scorns to wear a Smock we see,
'Tis more th' effect of Pride than Poverty.
We shall have Jilts to the same fashion brought,
Because, like her, they would be honest thought:
And in good-faith, should they no Linen wear,
Our Wives would soon be forc'd to go as bare.

A precise Apothecary to his Man.

Theophilus, on due precogitation,
'Twill be conducing to our preservation,
That you step backwards to the rubbish Hovel,
And thence advance the longest Paring-shovel;
For *Honesty* that squeamish Jade, I see,
Is, God be thank'd, reduc'd to Beggary.
She mendicates this way, I fear she'll stop,
To crave a dram of Comfort at my Shop,
But pray be sure you give her not a drop.
If she assumes the impudence to come
And ask for me, respond, I'm not at home;
For should the Jade behind the Counter run,
In verbo Medici we're quite undone;
She'll fracture all my Pots, confound my Pills,
And in a Rage incinerate all my Bills.

Hon aside.] The City too are heedleſs of my Wants.
Sure all Mankind are deaf to my Complaints:
How they ſneak back and downwards caſt their Eyes,
And ſtop their Ears againſt my mournful cries.
Alas! how hateful are the Juſt and Poor
To wealthy Knaves that wallow in their Store.

Victualler to the Bar-keeper and his Servants.

Nouns, Wife, go lay the double Chalk aſide,
The Rolls of eighteen to the dozen hide.
Here *Jack*, *Tom*, *Harry*, *Will*, ye careleſs Rogues,
Make haſte and take away the little Mugs,
Here's *Honeſty* approaching, by my troth,
Who knows but ſhe may call to quench her Drowth,
And if ſhe ſhould, we muſt not ſhut the Door,
The Tap's a Servant even to the Poor;
You know our Licence binds us to obey
The meaneſt Vaſſals, if they can but Pay;
Therefore hide all things that may do us harm,
Who knows but the ſly Gypſie may inform.
I've heard the Jade does many a Man undo,
I dread her more than all my Lord M---r's Crew.
O ho! I thank my Stars ſhe's paſt my Door,
Now, as you were, my Lads, the danger's o'er.

Hon.

Hon. aside.] Bleſs me, how all the City ſeems amus'd,
And ſcowre about in ſholes, as if confus'd:
How frightful is my honeſt Aſpect grown,
That Men in ſuch diſorder from me run,
Gaze with a ſeeming hatred on my Face,
And like Infection, ſhun me as I paſs.

A Grocer to his next Neighbour a Hoſier.

Adſnigs, here's *Honeſty* amongſt us come,
Why can't the louſie Carrion keep at home?
Neighbour, methinks 'tis both a ſhame and pity
Such Vagrants ſhould be ſuffer'd in the City.
Should ſhe come near my Shop, upon my word,
I'd take the lazy Trull before my Lord,
For He I'm ſure will countenance no Jade,
That's ſuch an open Enemy to Trade.
Were ſhe allow'd to ſcout and pry about,
What muſt become of all my damag'd fruit?
Or if a Weight ſhould chance to ply and light,
Why ſhould ſhe think herſelf affronted, by't,
The buyer ought to be ſatisfied, plain,
We can't grow Rich without Immoderate Gain,
And who wou'd be
To live a retale Slave, and a poor Beggar dy?

Ho.

Hoſier. Should we not take the liberty (God knows)
To put off *Leiceſterſhire* for *Strawbridge* Hoſe,
And uſe ſome other little ſlights, our Trade
Would ſcarce produce fat Fowls to greaſe our Bread;
And muſt Dame *Honeſty*, forſooth, give Rules,
Which if obſerv'd would make us ſtarving Fools;
E'en let her Beg, and hug her Miſery,
I'm ſure ſhe ſhall have no ſupport from me.

Honeſty *enters the* Exchange.

Good Pious Chriſtians, who are hither come,
From all the Trading parts of *Chriſtendom*,
Liſten with pity to the ſad complaint
Of *Honeſty*, reduc'd to Rags and Want:
My hopes of ſuccour have, alas, been croſt,
Relieve me now, or I'm for ever loſt.

1 *Merch.* Prithee, Sweetheart, thy hideous cries forbear,
I doubt thou'lt find but cool reception here;
Come not to *Change*, but to our Churches go,
And let the Clergy thy Condition know,
They ſhould thy chiefeſt Benefactors be,
They're Charitable Saints, but Traders we,
Who can have no regard to Charity.

2 *Mer.*

2 *Mer.* Prithee disturb us not with Sighs and Tears,
We know you've ſtarv'd in *England* many Years;
You take wrong Meaſures, and are much deceiv'd,
If you expect on *Change* to be reliev'd,
For *Honeſty* and Trade move diff'rent ways,
And where one thrives, the other ſoon decays.

3 *Mer.* To *Cells* and *Cloiſters* you your courſe ſhould ſteer,
Alas, we have no buſ'neſs for thee here:
Or elſe abroad to our Plantations fly,
And in our Weſtern Iſles thy Fortune try;
You'll prove a Stranger in that ſultry Air,
And Strangers always are moſt welcome there.
You ſee *Old England* frowns upon thy Wants,
Viſit the *New*, and try the *Boſton* Saints:
Conceal thy Name, and thou may'ſt there grow rich,
But if thou'rt known they'll burn thee for a Witch;
Poor *Honeſty's* deſpis'd, if once reveal'd,
And can be no where ſafe except conceal'd.

Hon. O wicked Age, that *Honeſty* ſhould find
So little Charity amongſt Mankind.
Poor *Indians*, whom the Chriſtian World deride,
That follow Nature as their only guide,

Un-

Untaught by Scriptures, unimpower'd by Schools,
But from dim reason draw their doubtful Rules;
Sure such wild savage Slaves, who little know
Of Heaven's Laws, would much more pity show,
Than let poor Innocence become their Sport,
And perish thus for want of due support.
O cruel City, to refuse your Aid [*Honesty falls down.*
To a starv'd Wretch for this sad end betray'd,
Impending Mischiefs threaten you, take heed,
Lest when I'm gone your Ruine shou'd succeed;
For Kingdoms do from me their Strength derive,
And Towns without me never yet could thrive:
But since I'm hated, slighted, and abus'd,
And by all Parties thus severely us'd,
I'm call'd aloft, where I with speed must go,
And leave you to repent your Ills below.

Exit.